

THE TRAGEDIE OF Othello, the Moore of Venice.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Rodorigo, and Iago.

Rodorigo.
Never tell me, I take it much unkindly
That thou (*Iago*) who hast had my purse,
As if thy strings were thine, should'st know of this.
Ia. But you'll not heare me. If euer I did dream
Of such a matter, abhorre me.

Rodo. Thou told'st me,
Thou did'st hold him in thy hate.

Iago. Despise me
If I do not. Three Great-ones of the Cittie,
(In personall suite to make me his Lieutenant)
Off-capt to him: and by the faith of man
I know my price, I am worth no worse a place.
But he (as louing his owne pride, and purposes)
Euaues them, with a bumbast Circumstance,
Horribly stufft with epithites of warre,
Non-suites my Mediators. For certes, saies he,
I haue already chose my Officer. And what was he?
For-sooth, a great Arithmatician,
One *Michael Cassio*, a *Florentine*,
(A Fellow almost damnd in a faire Wife)
That neuer set a Squadron in the Field,
Nor the deuision of a Battaille knowes
More then a Spinster. Vntlesse the Bookish Theoricke:
Wherein the Tongued Confuls can propose
As Masterly as he. Meere prattle (without practise)
Is all his Souldieriship. But he (Sir) had th' elections
And I (of whom his eies had seene the prooffe
At Rhodes, at Cyprus, and on others grounds
Christen'd, and Heathen) must be be-leed, and calm'd
By Debitor, and Creditor. This Counter-caster,
He (in good time) must his Lieutenant be,
And I (blesse the marke) his Mooreships Auntient.

Rodo. By heauen, I rather would haue bin his hangman.
Iago. Why, there's no remedie.

'Tis the custome of Seruice;
Preferment goes by Letter, and affection,
And not by old gradation, where each second
Stood Heire to th' first. Now Sir, be iudge your selfe,
Whether I in any iust terme am Affin'd
To loue the *Moore*?

Rodo. I would not follow him then.

Iago. O Sir content you.

I follow him, to serue my turne vpon him.
We cannot all be Masters, nor all Masters

Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall marke
Many a durious and knee-crooking knaue;
That (doting on his owne obsequious bondage)
Weares out his time, much like his Masters Asse,
For naught but Prouender, & when he's old Caltheet'd,
Whip me such honest knaues. Others there are
Who tyme'd in Formes, and visages of Dutie,
Keepe yet their hearts attending on themselves,
And throwing but shewes of Seruice on their Lords
Doe well thriue by them.
And when they haue lin'd their Coates
Doe themselves Homage.
These Fellowes haue some soule,
And such a one do I professe my selfe. For (Sir)
It is as sure as you are *Rodorigo*,
Were I the *Moore*, I would not be *Iago*.
In following him, I follow but my selfe.
Heauen is my Iudge, not I for loue and dutie,
But seeming so, for my peculiar end:
For when my outward Action doth demonstrate
The native act, and figure of my heart
In Complement exterie, 'tis not long after
But I will weare my heart vpon my sleeue
For Dawes to peck at; I am not what I am.

Rodo. What a fall Fortune do's the Thicks-lips owe
If he can carry't thus?

Iago. Call vp her Father:
Rowle him, make after him, payson his delight,
Proclaime him in the Streets. Incense her kindmen,
And though he in a fertile Clymate dwell,
Plague him with Flies: though that his Loy be Ioy,
Yet throw such chances of vexation on't,
As it may loose some colour.

Rodo. Heere is her Fathers house, Ile call aloud.

Iago. Doe, with like timorous accent, and dire yell,
As when (by Night and Negligence) the Fire
Is spied in populous Citties.

Rodo. What hoa: *Brabantio*, Signior *Brabantio*, hoa.

Iago. Awake: what hoa, *Brabantio*: Theeues, Theeues,
Looke to your house, your daughter, and your Bags,
Theeues, Theeues.

Bra. Above. What is the reason of this terrible
Summons? What is the matter there?

Rodo. Signior is all your Familie within?

Iago. Are your Doores lock'd?

Bra. Why? Wherefore ask you this?

Iago. Sir, y'are rob'd, for shame put on your Gowne,
Your

Your heart is burst, you haue lost halfe your soule
Euen now, now, very now, an old blacke Ram
Is tupping your white Ewe. Arise, arise,
Awake the snoring Cittizens with the Bell,
Or else the deuill will make a Grand-fire of you.
Arise I say.

Bra. What haue you lost your wits?

Rodo. Most reuerend Signior, do you know my voice?

Bra. Not I: what are you?

Rodo. My name is *Rodorigo*.

Bra. The worse welcome:

I haue charg'd thee not to haunt about my doores:
In honest plainnesse thou hast heard me say,
My Daughter is not for thee. And now in madnesse
(Being full of Supper, and distemp'ring draughtes)
Vpon malicious knaueerie, dost thou come
To start my quiet.

Rodo. Sir, Sir, Sir,

Bra. But thou must needs be sure,
My spirits and my place haue in their power
To make this bitter to thee.

Rodo. Patience good Sir.

Bra. What tell'st thou me of Robbing?
This is Venice: my house is not a Grange.

Rodo. Most graue *Brabantio*,
In simple and pure soule, I come to you.

Ia. Sir, you are one of those that will not serue God,
if the deuill bid you. Because we come to do you seruice,
and you thinke we are Ruffians, you'll haue your Daughter
couer'd with a Barbary horse, you'll haue your Ne-
phewes neigh to you, you'll haue Courfers for Cozens:
and Gennets for Germanes.

Bra. What prophane wretch art thou?

Ia. I am one Sir, that comes to tell you, your Daugh-
ter and the *Moore*, are making the Beast with two backs.

Bra. Thou art a Villaine.

Iago. You are a Senator.

Bra. This thou shalt answer. I know thee *Rodorigo*.

Rodo. Sir, I will answer any thing. But I beseech you
If be your pleasure, and most wise consent,
(As partly I find it is) that your faire Daughter,
At this odde Euen and dull watch o'th' night
Transported with no worse nor better guard,
But with a knaue of common hire, a Gandelier,
To the grosse claspes of a Lasciuious *Moore*:
If this be knowne to you, and your Allowance,
We then haue done you bold, and fauie wrongs.
But if you know not this, my Manners tell me,
We haue your wrong rebuke. Do not beleene
That from the fence of all Ciuitie,
I thus would play and trifle with your Reuerence.
Your Daughter (if you haue not giuen her leaue)
I say againe, hath made a grosse reuolt,
Tying her Dutie, Beautie, Wit, and Fortunes
In an extravagant, and wheeling Stranger,
Of here, and euery where: straight satisfie your selfe.
If she be in her Chamber, or your house,
Let loose on me the Iustice of the State
For thus deluding you.

Bra. Strike on the Tinder, hoa:

Giue me a Taper: call vp all my people,

This Accident is not vnlike my dreame,

Beleeue of it oppresses me already.

Light, I say, light.

Iag. Farewell: for I must leaue you.

It seemes not meete, nor wholesome to my place

To be producted, (as if I say, I shall,)
Against the *Moore*. For I do know the State,
(How euer this may gall him with some checke)
Cannot with safetie cast him. For he's embark'd
With such loud reason to the Cyprus Warres,
(Which euen now stands in Act) that for their soules
Another of his Padome, they haue none,
To lead their Businesse. In which regard,
Though I do hate him as I do hell apines,
Yet, for necessitie of present life,
I must show out a Flag, and signe of Loue,
(Which is indeed but signe) that you shal surely find him
Lead to the Sagitary the raised Search:
And there will I be with him. So farewell. *Exit.*

Enter *Brabantio* with Seruants and Torches.

Bra. It is too true an euill. Gone she is,
And what's to come of my despised time,
Is naught but bitterness. Now *Rodorigo*,
Where didst thou see her? (Oh vnhappie Girtle)
With the *Moore* fast thou? (Who would be a Father?)
How didst thou know 'twas she? (Oh she deceaues me
Past thought:) what said she to you? Get moe Tapers:
Raise all my Kindred. Are they married thinke you?

Rodo. Truly I thinke they are.

Bra. Oh Heauen: how got she out?

Oh treason of the blood.

Fathers, from hence trust not your Daughters minds

By what you see them act. Is there not Charmes,

By which the propertie of Youth, and Maidhood

May be abus'd? Haue you not read *Rodorigo*,

Of some such thing?

Rodo. Yes Sir: I haue indeed.

Bra. Call vp my Brother: oh would you had had her.

Some one way, some another. Doe you know

Where we may apprehend her, and the *Moore*?

Rodo. I thinke I can discouer him, if you please

To get good Guard, and go along with me.

Bra. Pray you lead on. At euery house Ile call,

(I may command at most) get Weapons (hoa)

And raise some speciall Officers of might:

On good *Rodorigo*, I will deserue your paines. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter *Othello*, *Iago*, Attendants, with Torches.

Ia. Though in the trade of Warre I haue slaine men,
Yet do I hold it very stiffe o'th' conscience
To do no contriu'd Murder: I lacke Iniquitie
Sometime to do me seruice. Nine, or ten times
I had thought 't haue yerke'd him here vnder the Ribbes.

Othello. 'Tis better as it is.

Iago. Nay but he prated,

And ipoke such scuruy, and prouoking termes

Against your Honor, that with the little godlinesse I haue

I did full hard forbear him. But I pray you Sir,

Are you fast married? Be assur'd of this,

That the Magnifico is much belou'd,

And hath in his effect a voice potentiall

As double as the Dukes: He will diuorce you,

Or put vpon you, what restraint or greeuance,

The